



THE Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

Begger.
Le pheeze you infanth.
Host. A paire of stockes you rogue.
Beg. Yare a baggage, the *Slyes* are no Rogues, Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*: therefore *Pauca pallabris*; let the world slide: Sella.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you haue burst?
Beg. No, not a denier: go by *S. Ieronimie*, got to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Head-borough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answer him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly.

Faller asleepe.

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting with his traine.
Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds, Brach *Meriman*, the poore Curie is imbolt, And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd brach, Saw'st thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault, I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound.

Hunt. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord, He cried vpon it at the meereft losse, And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent, Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if *Echo* were as fleet, I would esteeme him worth a dozen such: But sup them well, and looke vnto them all, To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Hunt. I will my Lord.
Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?

2. Hun. He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. Oh monstrous beast how like a swine he lyes. Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image: Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man. What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed, Wrap'd in sweet clothes: Rings put vpon his fingers: A most delicious banquet by his bed, And braue attendants neere him when he wakes, Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

1. Hun. Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choos.
2. H. It would seem strange vnto him when he wak'd.
Lord. Euen as a flatter'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.

Then take him vp, and manage well the iest: Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber, And hang it round with all my vvanion pictures: Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters, And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete: Procure me Musicke readie when he wakes, To make a dulcet and a heauenly sound: And if he chance to speake, be readie straight (And with a lowe submissiue reuerence) Say, what is it your Honor vvil command: Let one attend him vwith a siluer Bason Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers, Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper, And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands. Some one be readie with a costly suite, And aske him what apparrel he will weare: Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse, And that his Ladie mournes at his disease, Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke, And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames, For he is nothing but a mightie Lord: This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs, It will be pastime passing excellent, If it be husbanded with modestie.

1. Hunt. My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part As he shall thinke by our true diligence He is no lesse then what we say he is.
Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him, And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound trumpets.
Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds, Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes (Trauelling some journey) to repose him heere.

Enter Seruingman.
How now? who is it?
Ser. An't please your Honor, Players That offer seruice to your Lordship.

Enter Players.
Lord. Bid them come neere: Now fellows, you are welcome.
Players. We thanke your Honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?
2. Player. So please your Lordshippe to accept our dutie.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember, Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne, 'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well: I haue forgot your name: but sure that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.
Sinckle. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meanes.
Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:

Well you are come to me in happie time, The rather for I haue some sport in hand, Wherein your cunning can assist me much: There is a Lord will heare you play to night; But I am doubtfull of your modesties, Least (ouer-eyng of his odde behaviour, For yet his honor neuer heard a play) You breake into some merrie passion, And so offend him: for I tell you sirs, If you should smile, he growes impatient.

Plai. Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selues, Were he the veriest anticke in the world.
Lord. Go sirs, take them to the Butterie, And giue them friendly welcomie euerie one, Let them want nothing that my house affords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page, And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie: That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber, And call him Madam, do him obeisance: Tell him from me (as he will win my loue) He beare himselfe with honourable action, Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished, Such dutie to the drunkard let him do: With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curtesie, And say: What is't your Honor will command, Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife, May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue. And then with kinde embracements, retempting kisses, And with dechning head into his bosome Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-ioyed To see her noble Lord restor'd to health, Who for this seuen yeares hath esteemed him Nobetter then a poore and loathsome begger: And if the boy haue not a womans guift To raine a shower of soommanded teares, An Onion wil do well for such a shift, Which in a Napkin (being clost conuey'd) Shall in despite enforce a waterie eie: See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst, Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.

Exit a seruingman.
I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace, Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman: I long to heare him call the drunkard husband, And how my men will stay themselves from laughter, When they do homage to this simple peasant, Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene, Which otherwise would grow into extreames.

Enter also the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel, Bason and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.
Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.

1. Ser. Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke?
2. Ser. Wilt please your Honor taste of these Conserues?

3. Ser. What raiment wil your honor weare to day.
Beg. I am *Christophero Sly*, call not mee Honour nor Lordship: I neke drank sacke in my life: and if you giue me any Conserues, giue me conserues of Beefe: nere ask me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doub-

lets then backes: no more sto-

no more shooes then feet, nay I

shooes, or such shooes as my to

uer-leather.

Lord. Heauen cease this idle

Oh that a mightie man of such

Of such possessions, and so high

Should be infused with so foule

Beg. What would you make

Stephen Sly, old Sies sonne of B

Pedler, by education a Cardma

Beare-heard, and now by presen

Aske *Murrian Hacker*: the fat A

know me not: if she say I am ne

sheere Ale, store me vp for the

dome. What I am not bestrau

3. Man. Oh this it is that ma

2. Mar. Oh this it is that ma

Lord. Hence comes it, that

As beaten hence by your strang

Oh Noble Lord, bebinke thee

Call home thy ancient thought

And banish hence these abiect l

Looke how thy seruants do att

Each in his office readie at thy

Wilt thou haue Musicke? Hark

And twentie caged Nightingals

Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l haue

Softer and sweeter then the lust

On purpose trim'd vp for Semin

Say thou wilt walke: we wil be

Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses

Their harnesse studded all with

Dost thou loue hawking? Thou

About the morning Larks. Or

Thy hounds shall make the We

And fetch shrill echoes from th

1. Man. Say thou wilt course

As breathed Stags: I fleeter the

2. M. Dost thou loue pictures

Adonis painted by a running bri

And Citherea all in fedges hid,

Which seeme to moue and wan

Euen as the wauing fedges pla

Lord. Wee'l shew thee *So*, a

And how she was beguiled and

As liuelie painted, as the deede

3. Man. Or *Daphne* roming t

Scratching her legs, that one sh

And at that sight thal sad Apoll

So workmanlie the blood and t

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and

Thou hast a Ladie farre more B

Then any woman in this wainin

1. Man. And til the teares tha

Like eniuious fouds ore-run her

She was the fairest creature in t

And yet free is inferiour to non

Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue

Or do I dreame? Or haue I drea

I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I

I smel sweet fauours, and I feele

Vpon my life I am a Lord inde

And not a Tinker, nor Christop

Well, bring our Ladie hither to

And once againe a pot o'th sma